

# LITERARY NEWS and CRITICISM

Picture Books, New Style, for Christmas.

SHAKESPEARE AND MR. HATHERELL.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET. With illustrations by W. Hatherell. R. 1. 4to, pp. 111, 207. The George H. Doran Company.

Mr. Hatherell has long been favorably known as an illustrator of novels of English life, published serially in American magazines. He has won his reputation in this field through two merits. His picture always suggests that he has carefully read his text. And his figures are soundly built, as though he had studied them from life. Popularity has not led him to stereotype his designs. All this brings us with a warmer sympathy to his venture into the realm of Shakespeare, wondering a little, at the same time, whether he



MISS NEVILLE AND TONY LUMPKIN.  
(From an illustration by Hugh Thomson, in "She Stoops to Conquer.")

was well advised to tackle the most romantic of the plays. Going attentively through the book we end by surmising that he must have turned to "Romeo and Juliet" with the gusto of a man long occupied with realistic motives, and hence the keener on a theme fresh to his brush. These pictures show us his familiar manner, which is to say an easy but painstaking delineation of thoughtfully observed types. He is particular in details of costume. The characters in the play wear garments really made for them, and not hastily borrowed from the property man. They carry their finery with a natural air. Moreover, Mr. Hatherell again looks, as we have said, at his text. Still, what we like best about his work in this instance is not so much its fidelity to given scenes as its expression of the glowing sentiment of the whole incomparable fabric of poetic inspiration. He has caught the glamour of love and youth. He has made his pictures very fair to look upon, and thereby in true harmony with the text. His color, too, is fervid, but kept well in hand. Altogether, we can cordially

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

**"The Grand Old Man"**  
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pronounce this Christmas book as worthy a bit of holiday Shakespeareana as we have had in a long time.

**GOLDSMITH AND MR. THOMSON.** SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER; OR, THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT. By Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 4to, pp. 127. The George H. Doran Company.

Mr. Hatherell's illustrations to "Romeo and Juliet" do not keep us from reading the play; on the contrary, they seem to become at once a part of the text, like the spectacle on the stage. But with Mr. Thomson's pictures for "She Stoops to Conquer" it is a little different. Through no fault of his, but simply because it is his own charming way, we leave the equilibrium between play and illustration to take care of itself, and look only at the latter. That is the kind of picture book that Mr. Thomson is always making. A classic is but an excuse for him to draw a

Mr. Dulac and Mr. Rackham, but we believe they would all yield first place to Mr. Robinson as an exemplar of what we can only describe as the lovable-impossible. His old men wearing high hats are the grimmest imaginable "parties," yet you immediately want to sit down beside them and to ask them to talk. His children are fairy children, and yet they are the chubbiest, most artlessly engaging little beggars in the whole world of nursery books. It is imagination as well as skill that gives Mr. Robinson his sway. He is a genuinely original illustrator, a rare type. We are glad he has made a book for himself. He has never made a better one, and he will never beat this.

**A PERFECT PARODIST**  
The Authors of the Day Mocked by "Max."

A CHRISTMAS GARLAND. Woven by Max Beerbohm. 12mo, pp. vii, 127. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Substance and form, "Max" gets them both, and by a process so subtle and so thoroughgoing that while we read we very nearly forget him. It is Henry James, or it is Rudyard Kipling, or it is H. G. Wells who speaks. Is not that the mark of the perfect parodist? This book would be funny enough if it showed us "Max" poking fun at certain of his contemporaries, but what makes it exquisitely amusing and really interesting into the bargain is that he does not appear to be doing anything so obvious. It is rather as though he had robbed his authors of all discretion, of all faculty for self-criticism, and then had impishly lured them into letting themselves go. When men do that complacently they do a fearful and a wonderful thing, for complacency will betray even a man of genius. Witness the case of Thomas Hardy when he wrote "The Dynasts." In his "Sequelula" to that incredible piece "Max" has not had to depart to any serious extent from his original.

His parodies are more than comic, they are critical, as the best parodies always are. That which is cocksure and omniscient in Kipling's art could not be better exposed by the minutely analytical essayist than it is exposed in "P. C. X. 36." The searching, thoughtful nature of these jokes makes it the more difficult to give anything like a satisfactory taste of their quality through quotation. "Max" does not deal in diction alone, but goes to the root of the matter and burlesques ideas. Take, for example, "Perkins and Mankind." It is a flawless illustration of the kind of stuff that H. G. Wells writes when, as sometimes happens, he takes his conception of the universe just a shade too seriously. On every page, nay, in every paragraph, there is a joyously malicious "dig" at one of the ingenious ideologues' follies. As for his style, "Max's" version of it is the thing itself.

On General Cessation Day, therefore, the gates of the lethal chambers will stand open for all those who wish to die. The course of the past year have reached the age limit. You figure the wide streets filled all day long with little solemn processions—solemn and yet not in the least unhappy. You figure the old man walking with a firm step in the midst of his progeny, looking round him with a clear eye at this dear world, which is about to lose him. He will not be thinking of himself. He will not be waiting the way to the lethal chamber was longer. He will be filled with joy at the thought that he is about to die for the good of the race—to "make way" for the beautiful young breed of men and women, who, in simple, artistic, antiseptic garments, are dispersing themselves so gladly on this day of days. They pause to salute him as he passes. And presently he sees, radiant in the sunlight, the pleasant, white-tiled dome of the lethal chamber. You figure him at the gate, shaking hands all around, and speaking, perhaps, a few well chosen words about the future.

One laughs quietly over this, with a relish that goes deep. But "Max" is a wise humorist. He is not too critical, but yields constantly to the spirit of nonsense, of irresponsible mirth, which is one element indispensable to true parody. Here, from "Some Damnable Errors of Our Christmas," is an imitation of Mr. G. K. Chesterton which for sheer drollery could not be beaten:

Spiritually, Christmas Day recurs exactly seven times a week. When we have frankly acknowledged this, and acted on this, we shall begin to realize the day's mystical and terrible beauty. For it is only everyday things that reveal themselves to us in all their wonder and their splendor. A man who happens one day to be knocked down by a motor-bus merely utters a curse and instructs his solicitor, but a man who has been knocked down by a motor-bus every day of the year will have begun to feel that he is taking part in an august and soul-clearing ritual. He will wait the diurnal stroke of fate with the same lowly and pious joy as animated the Hindus awaiting Juggernaut. His bruises will be decorations, worn with the modest pride of the veteran. He will cry aloud, in the words of the late W. E. Henley, "My head is bloody, but unbowed." He will add, "My ribs are broken but unbent."

All sorts of writers are parodied in this book—Henry James and A. C. Benson, John Galsworthy and Maurice Hewlett, Arnold Bennett and George Moore. The author's touch never falters. There is not an imitation that is not genuinely funny. On the other hand, there is nothing here quite so laughably amusing as "Max's" fall from grace in practically apologizing, through a couple of footnotes, for having laid playful hands upon the works of George Meredith and Frank Harris. It is possible that "Max," too, has his blind side and can take his own funniness seriously?

**PALESTINE**  
A Century of Photographs by an Expert.

A CAMERA CRUSADE THROUGH THE HOLY LAND. By Dwight L. Eimen-dorf. One hundred illustrations from photographs by the author. In box. 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Eimen-dorf's imagination has led him to suggest in his "foreword" that he is the last of the Crusaders, dressed in a tourist's outfit instead of the white surcoat charged with the Cross, armed with a camera instead of with lance and sword. It is a daring flight of fancy, tempting the sense of humor. In his fifty-odd pages of text he changes the figure, however, becoming a pilgrim seeking the holy places, Bible in hand. He has strong faith in the immutability of the East, in the unchanged conditions of the life as of the landscape in

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

**A Great Success!**  
Miss Rives' New Novel  
**The Valiants of Virginia**  
By Hallie Erminie Rives  
Author of *Satan Sanderson, The Kingdom of Slender Swords*, etc.  
Pictures by Castaigne. At all bookellers. Price \$1.35 net  
NEW YORK: THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO., Publishers: INDIANAPOLIS

Palestine since the days of the ancient Hebrews and the New Testament, and if, at times, his connection between picture and text is far fetched, on the whole he furnishes a helpful series of illustrations of the places named in the Bible.

That these pictures are excellent need hardly be said. Among the best of their mention may be made of the plain of Sharon, the manner in the Church of the Nativity, the views of the Dead Sea and the Jordan, the Mount of Olives, Herod's columns at Samaria, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Garden of Gethsemane, which, however, one could prefer without the two human figures far too prominently posed in it. The frontispiece in colors represents a woman of Samaria.

**ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI**  
A Simple Life of the "Spouse of Lady Poverty."

EVERYBODY'S ST. FRANCIS. By Maurice Francis Egan. With pictures by M. Boutet de Monvel. 8vo, pp. 191. The Century Company.

It is, perhaps, the naive, appealing legends told about St. Francis that have done more than even his life and work to keep shining around his memory the aureole that ages of changing faiths and beliefs have been unable to dim. In these legends is held the essence of the man who loved poverty and served the poor, who preached to



THE ANCIENT MARINER AND THE MER-KID.  
(From an illustration by W. Heath Robinson, in "Bill the Minder.")

the birds and made wild animals do his bidding, the ascetic who sought to live in the world the "Imitatio Christi" that Thomas à Kempis was to write in the seclusion of his cloister.

There have been many lives of St. Francis, of which the most sympathetic and understanding is that by the French Protestant pastor, Sabatier, to whom, ignoring his faith, the scholar Leo XIII sent his blessing in recognition of the value of his work. His, as much as Mr. Egan's far shorter work, is an "Everybody's Saint Francis," but in a far deeper sense. The slender volume presented to us here, with its illustrations by Boutet de Monvel, who has found a subject specially adapted to his tellingly simple art, serves its purpose well. It succeeds in bringing before us an image of the enthusiast of love, the humble servant of the lowly, the man who found the way to a happiness—one is tempted to say an optimism—that influenced others in this life. If, in the narrative, the mysticism of St. Francis evaporates into thin air, the loss is not serious. Mysticism is not for "everybody," nor can it be even suggested within a space so narrow as that chosen by Mr. Egan.

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NEW YORK: THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO., Publishers: INDIANAPOLIS

**PICTURED HISTORY.**  
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A BOOK OF DISCOVERY. The History of the World's Explorations, from the Earliest Times to the Finding of the South Pole. By M. B. Synge, F. R. Hist. S. Fully illustrated from authentic sources, and with maps. 8vo, pp. xxvii, 554. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE. By H. E. Marshall. With pictures in color by A. C. Michael. 8vo, pp. xviii, 549. The George H. Doran Company.

Mr. Synge's "Book of Discovery" will delight old and young alike. Written in a popular style, it presents a capital general survey of the progress of the discovery of the world, which, from the days of the Romans to our own, has generally been the conquest of the world as well. No nook, no period is passed over by the author, who begins with the earliest maps of the world, and with its first bold mariners, the Phoenicians, Ulysses the Wanderer is not forgotten. Herodotus is treated with the respect he has regained after a period of skeptic neglect, and Alexander the Great figures here as the explorer rather than the conqueror of India. Xenophon leads the ten thousand back to the sea, Caesar discovers Germania and comes to Britain, and Ptolemy draws a map of the world whose accuracy far surpasses the strange imaginings of medieval cartographers. Marco Polo, Christian pilgrims and Mahometan war-

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**D. APPLETON & COMPANY, New York**

write this book by a letter from one of his young readers, who complained that he "couldn't find anything nice about France" in his mother tongue. Here, then, is what the boy desired, and what other boys will like as well, a brief history of France from the days of Vergeretorix to those of President Fallières. The author sums up the successive periods of France's progress through the ages, grouping the events of each around its leading figure—St. Louis, Charles VII, Jeanne d'Arc, Francis II, Henry IV, Louis XIV, Richelieu, Napoleon. Mr. Michael's pictures are brave in color and movement and subject: "Follow my white plume!" "Fire first, gentlemen of England!" Mr. Marshall ends with a laudation of him whom English childhood once called "froggy," but who is now "Jacques Bonhomme, our very good friend." The book will serve American boys and girls just as well and will interest them just as much, for it is well planned and written.

**THE INITIATIVE, THE REFERENDUM, THE RECALL, THE INITIATIVE, THE REFERENDUM, AS INSTRUMENTS OF DEMOCRACY.** By D. F. Wilson. A Skillful Exposition in Government by ALL THE PEOPLE. (Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50 net; postpaid, \$1.63. THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, 61-63 5th Ave., N. Y.)

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given, further, of the minor operatic enterprises that have tempted fortune in our smaller cities from season to season. The book thus continues and brings down to date the record begun in Mr. Leahy's earlier works on the subject.

He disarms criticism at the outset by declaring that his book "is not intended to be used as a textbook or as a work of accurate history." It is intended for the general public vividly interested in opera and opera singers, not for specialists, statistical, historical or artistic, a survey, gossip, yet continuous, whose data never stray beyond the professional field. The current critical comment is taken from the leading musical critics in the country, with unvarying respect for the morality of the quotation mark. Not the least interesting, perhaps, is the operatic history that, being of no particular importance at the time, has promptly been forgotten—the failure, for instance, of many well-known foreign singers to maintain their reputation here, and of many new works.

And there are portraits, and more portraits, to the number of forty-eight. Mr. Leahy lays stress on the steadily growing importance of American singers in the world of opera, and ends with a note of high hope for the future of this form of art in this country.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

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